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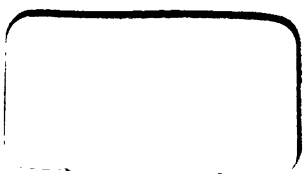

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Mr. Cogswell
with the author's regards —

MISCELLANY

OF

VERSE AND PROSE.

BY

GEORGE H. CALVERT,

AUTHOR OF 'COUNT JULIAN,' 'CABIRO,' &C.

BALTIMORE:
N. HICKMAN, 86 BALTIMORE-ST.

1840.

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ARNOLD AND ANDRE,

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

New York, towards the end of the summer of 1780.

SIR HENRY CLINTON. COLONEL ROBINSON. AN OLD BRITISH OFFICER.

SIR H. CLINTON. Rebellion's tatter'd banner droops at last,
Wanting the breath of stirring confidence.
Discord, twin-brother to defeat, now lifts
Within the Congress walls her grating voice
(Fit sound for rebel ears,) and in their camp,
Lean want breeds discontent and mutiny:
The while o'er our embattled squadrons waves
High-crested victory, and flaps her wings,
Fanning the fire of native valiantness.
Quickly shall peace revisit this vext land,
So long bestrid by war, whose iron heel
With her own life-blood madly stains her sides.

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ROBINSON. Our arms' success upon the southern shore,
Whose thirsty sands are saturate with streams
From rebel wounds,—and the discomfiture
Of new-born hopes of aid from fickle France,
Brought on by Rodney's timely coming, have
Ev'n to the stoutest hearts struck black dismay.

OLD OFFICER. Cast down they may be, but despair's unknown
To their determined spirits. Washington's
The same as when in seventy-six he pass'd
The Delaware, and in a darker hour
Than this is, rallied his dishearten'd troops,
And by a stroke of generalship, as shrewd
As bold, back turn'd the tide of victory.

ROBINSON. But years of fruitless warfare, sucking up
Alike the people's blood and substance, weigh
Upon th' exhausted land, like heaped debts
Of failed enterprise, that clog the step
Of action.

OLD OFFICER. Deem ye not the spirit dull'd
Which first impell'd this people to take arms
And brave our mighty power; nor yet the hope
Extinct which has their roused energies
Upheld against such fearful odds. The blood
They've shed, is blood of martyrs—precious oil—
Rich fuel to the flame that's boldly lit
On Freedom's altar, and whose dear perfume,
Upward ascending, is by heroes snuff'd,
Strength'ning the soul of patriotic love
With ireful vengeance.

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SIR H. CLINTON. Whence, my veteran Colonel,
Comes it, that you, whose scarred body bears
The outward proofs of inward loyalty,
Do entertain for rebels such regard?

OLD OFFICER. Custom of war has not so steel'd my heart,
But that its pulse will beat in admiration
Of noble deeds, ev'n though by foeman done.
Nor does my sworn allegiance to my king
Forbid all sympathy with men, who fight—
And fight too with a bravery which naught
But conscious justice could inspire—for rights
Inherited from British ancestors.

SIR H. CLINTON. Their yet unconquer'd souls, and the stern front
They have so long oppos'd in equal strife
To our war-practis'd soldiery, attest
Their valour: and for us to stint the meed
Of praise for gallant bearing in the field,
Were self-disparagement, seeing that still
They hold at bay our far out-numb'ring host.
But for the justice of their cause,—the wrong,
Skill'd to bedeck itself in garb of right,
Oft cheats the conscience broad credulity,
And thus will vice, with virtue's armature
Engirt, fight often unabash'd. Unloose
The spurs, wherewith desire of change, the pride
Of will, hot blood of restless uncurb'd youth
Wanting a distant parent's discipline,
And bold ambition of aspiring chiefs,
Do prick them on to this unnatural war;
And then, how tam'd would be their fiery mettle,
Heated alone by patriotic warmth.

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OLD OFFICER. My General, I know this people well;
And all the virtues which Old England claims,
As the foundations of her happiness
And greatness,—such as reverence of law
And custom, prudence, female chastity,
And with them, independence, fortitude,
Courage and sturdiness of purpose,—have
Been here transplanted from their native soil,
And flourish undegenerate. From these,—
Sources exhaustible but with the life
That feeds them,—their severe intents take birth,
And draw the lusty sustenance to mould
The limbs and body of their own fulfilment,
So that performance lag not after purpose.
They are our countrymen. They are, as well
In manly resolution as in blood,
The children of our fathers. Washington
Doth know no other language than the one
We speak: and never did an English tongue
Give voice unto a larger, wiser mind.
You'll task your judgment vainly to point out
Through all this desp'rate conflict, in his plans
A flaw, or fault in execution. He
In spirit is unconquerable, as
In genius perfect. Side by side I fought
With him in that disastrous enterprise,
Where rash young Braddock fell; and there I mark'd
The vet'ran's skill contend for mastery
With youthful courage in his wondrous deeds.
Well might the bloody Indian warrior pause,
Amid his massacre confounded, and
His baffled rifle's aim, till then unerring,

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Turn from 'that tall young man,' and deem in awe
That the Great Spirit hover'd over him;
For he, of all our mounted officers,
Alone came out unscath'd from that dread carnage,
To guard our shatter'd army's swift retreat.
For years did his majestic form hold place
Upon my mind, stampt in that perilous hour,
In th' image of a strong arm'd friend, until
I met him next, as a resistless foe.
'Twas at the fight near Princeton. In quick march,
Victorious o'er his van, onward we press'd;
When, moving with firm pace, led by the Chief
Himself, the central force encounter'd us.
One moment paus'd th' opposing hosts—and then
The rattling volley hid the death it bore:
Another—and the sudden cloud, uproll'd,
Display'd, midway between the adverse lines,
His drawn sword gleaming high, the Chief—as though
That crash of deadly music, and the burst
Of sulphurous vapour, had from out the earth
Summon'd the God of war. Doubly expos'd
He stood unharm'd. Like eagles tempest-borne
Rush'd to his side his men; and had our souls
And arms with two-fold strength been brac'd, we yet
Had not withstood that onset. Thus does he
Keep ever with occasion even step,—
Now, warily before our eager speed
Retreating, tempting us with battle's promise
Only to toil us with a vain pursuit—
Now, wheeling rapidly about our flanks,
Startling our ears with sudden peal of war,
And fronting in the thickest of the fight

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The common soldier's death, stirring the blood
Of faintest hearts to deeds of bravery
By his great presence,—and his every act,
Of heady onslaught as of backward march,
From thoughtful judgment first infer'd.

ROBINSON. If that
You do report him truly, and your words
Be not the wings to float a brain-born vision,
But are true heralds who deliver that
Which will in corporal doings be avouch'd,
Then was this man born to command. And shall
Ingrate revolt be justified by fate,
And Britain's side bleed with the rending off
Of this vast member; they will find it so,
Who seek to gain a greater liberty
Than does befit man's passion-guided state.
Jove's bird as soon shall quail his cloud-wet plumage,
Sinking his sinewy wafture to the flight
Of common pinions,—or the silent tide
Break its mysterious law at the wind's bidding,
Remitting for a day its mighty flood
Upon this shore,—as that, one recogniz'd
To have all kingly qualities, shall not
Assert his natural supremacy,
And weaker men submit to his full sway.
Power does grow unto the palm that wields it.
The necks that bend to make ambition's seat,
Must still uphold its overtopping weight,
Or, moving, be crush'd under it.

OLD OFFICER. And heads
That quit the roof of shelt'ring peace, and bare them
To war's fierce lightning for a principle,

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Becrown the limbs of men, each one a rock
Baffling with loftiness ambition's step,
Whose ladder is servility. Were they
Susceptible of usurpation's sway,
This conflict had not been; and then the world
Had miss'd a Washington, whose greatness is
Of greatness born. Him have they rais'd, because
Of his great worth; and he has headed them,
For that they knew to value him. Had he
Been less, then they had pass'd him by; and had
Their souls lack'd nobleness, his towering trunk,
Scanted of genial sap, had failed to reach
Its proper altitude. No smiling time
Is this for hypocritical ambition
To cheat men's minds with virtue's counterfeit.
What made him Washington, makes him the chief
Of this vast league,—and that's integrity,
The which his noble qualities enlinks
In one great arch, to bear the sudden weight
Of a new cause, and, strength'ning ever, hold
Compact 'gainst time's all-whelming step.

SIR H. CLINTON. What now
You speak, you'll be reminded of, belike,
Ere many weeks are past. And well I know,
Your arm will not be backward, if there's need,
To prove your own words' falsity. Meanwhile,
Hold you in readiness for sudden march.

[*Exit Old Officer.*]

ROBINSON. A better soldier than a prophet.

SIR H. CLINTON. Yet,
Scarce does his liberal extolment stretch
Beyond its object's merits; for, were he

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Not rooted in his compeers' confidence,
And in his generalship unmatched, this league
Had long since crumbled from within, and o'er
Its sever'd bands our arms had quickly triumph'd.
In all, his mighty spirit's ordinant.
The while his warriors rang'd in council round him,
Listen to plans of learned generalship,
Within the Congress is his voiceless will
Potential as the wisest senator's.
Ever between their reeling cause and us
Comes his stern brow, to awe fell Ruin's spirit.
'Tis a grand game he plays, and, by my soul,
Worthy the game and player is the stake.
A fair broad continent is't for a kingdom:
If he can win't, he's welcome to't. Still naught
From Arnold? Washington's keen vigilance
Will yet defeat this plot. Delay is fatal.

ROBINSON. He's now in Arnold's camp. If he depart
(As 't is his plan, to hold an interview
With the French leaders at the town of Hartford)
We'll know he harbours no suspicious thought;
And then we cannot fail. His presence there
Is hindrance absolute to any movement,
Whether he do suspect or not.

SIR H. CLINTON. This Arnold—
That he did vow in hate is warranty
That what he promis'd he design'd to do.
But what then gave him means and power to compass
His wishes' end, may too have chang'd their bent.
For opportunity, that oftentimes
Creates desire, doth sometimes blunt its edge.
This high command wherewith he has been trusted

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May heal the wound 't was sought for to requite.
His now position is a vantage ground,
Whence he as easily may wipe away
As venge his past disgrace. Beneath his malice
Still burns th' aspiring soldier's love of fame,
Still beats the husband's and the father's heart.

ROBINSON. There's in him no live seed of honesty,
For the pure dews of natural affection
To quicken with their sweetness. And the cord,
Wherewith ambitiously he swung himself
Aloft o'er revolutions dark abyss,
Has rotted 'neath his hand; and now he'd leap
Th' audacious backward leap of desperation.

SIR H. CLINTON. You know the passes to the fort. Can he,
Without suspicion of his purposes,
Expose them to our easy mastering?

ROBINSON. That can he, and deliver to our hands
The fortress, ere the garrison have time
To counteract their own astonishment.

SIR H. CLINTON. This post were worth a dozen victories.

ROBINSON. It is their common magazine, wherein
Are stored munitions for a year's campaign.
To gain it, were to turn into ourselves
A stream of hoarded sustenance for war,
And by diversion of so full a spring,
Wither in them the sinews of contention.

SIR H. CLINTON. Weak are they now from our late triumphs,
And repetition of unfruitful blows.
The sudden yawning under them of this

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Great treachery, will strike their souls with awe,
Appal their boldest and unheart them quite.
Can a resolve, whose execution shall
Flash such quick desolation, lie so deep
That no pale shadow or vague murmur come
Presaging to the general mind? But here
Is Andre, and in his countenance a light
The prologue to some joyful news.

(*Enter* ANDRE.)

What bring you?

ANDRE. Tidings that promise to our scheme a quick
And happy consummation. Hear what I
This moment have receiv'd:

(*He takes out a letter and reads as follows:*)

'Our master goes away on the 17th of this month. He will be absent five or six days. Let us avail ourselves of this interval to arrange our business. Come immediately and meet me at the lines, and we will settle definitely the risks and profits of the copartnership. All will be ready; but this interview is indispensable, and must precede the sailing of our ship.'

SIR H. CLINTON. Now hold he true, we fail not. Robinson,
What think you? Should he prove a double traitor.

ROBINSON. He dare not, if he would. If that his limbs
Lay at your feet here prostrate with the load
Of chains, more captive were he not to you
Than now he is behind his trenched walls.
Whate'er betide, he can't 'scape infamy;
And from no hand but ours receive its price.
Doubly a traitor he were doubly lost.
His only safety lies in truth to us.

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ANDRE. Are we not safe too 'gainst his treachery?
We hazard nothing; for our sorest loss
Is but defeat of hope. And if we win
Our gain is infinite. Not even aught
Of personal peril's in the plan we spoke of.
Seize we the moment, and a wound we give
Shall cleave in twain rebellion's stubborn heart.

ROBINSON. This interview must be; or else, no act.
For, till he meet us face to face, as still
And secret as a voiceless dream, must lie
Within his breast the thought of what he'd do.
Unto no other ear dare he reveal
The plot or means for its accomplishment.
We must risk something 'gainst his single daring.
The private business that 't is known I have,
Will be our pretext openly to near
His lines, and safeguard afterwards. A flag
Will cover then our meeting:

SIR H. CLINTON. And meanwhile,
Troops shall embark, and be in readiness
To move on your return. Now despatch—
And ere thrice thirty hours are past, I'll pluck
From wily Washington's high wing a plume,
That shall so maim its flight, that to my reach
'Twill flutter helplessly. (*Exeunt.*)

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THE ALPS AT SUNSET.

Wherefore and what are ye? Unlike all else
Around, beneath: changeless where all things change:
Motionless 'midst the ceaseless flow of life.
Ye scarcely bear an earthly stamp; but lift
Your speechless, spotless heads, snow-capt, above
All nether influence; cleaving earth-born clouds,
That round your cold sides cling, like living arms
Around a corpse insensate to their touch.
Ye are a mystery; and from the plain
And common of this world, sudden ye rear
Your giant forms, midst the recurring spans
Of time, fit emblems of eternity.
Since first from Zurich's hills, your image loom'd,
A heav'n-descended vision, on my sight,
Filling my mind with wonder, day on day
I've journey'd tow'rds ye. At your mighty base
I've stood in awed silence, pondering
With baffled thought. Around me darkness spreads
Its veil. But your sky-piercing eminences
Glow in the sunshine. Telegraphs 'twixt worlds!
For on your towering heads, the westward sun
Casts his last ray for Europe; unto me,
A golden herald from my far-off home.

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DEDICATION OF THE TRANSLATION OF SCHILLER'S DON CARLOS

TO

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Were that alone thy glory, that thy name
Is link'd to Schiller's, and that worthily
Thou hast interpreted his gorgeous muse,
Deathless thou wert with mighty 'WALLENSTEIN.'
'Tis not for this,—a link that lightly wrought
In sport, and generous devotedness
Thy teeming mind,—I trace, with timid pen,
Upon this page thy honour'd name. Were I
A worthy spokesman of the general thought,
And to the multitudinous voice, which speaks
Prophetic thy undying fame, could give
Fit echo; 'twould not be, this accident
Of thy renown I would record, that thou
Reflectest perfectly a giant's mind:
'Twould be, the bright creations thou hast sent
Resplendent from thy brain with life and light—
The glowing gifts of genius to the world,
To radiate beauty everlastingly.
'Tis not the wish to sound thy praise: that were
Unmeet in me, as 'twere to thee,—content
With truth's and genius' inward recompence,—
Unwelcome. Thankfulness and love for what
Thou'st sung and taught, would utter here,—where breathes
Great Schiller's spirit, reverenc'd of thee,—
Their voice. 'Twill reach thy ear, o'er ocean's wave
Afar, from 'mongst a mighty people sent,
Whose richest heritage is Shakspeare's tongue.

Baltimore, April, 1834.

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LINES ON FINDING —— —— UNWELL.

Why throbs my heart with anxious fears?
Why fills my eye with heavy tears?
The angel's soul whose happy flight
Has rested in a form so bright,
Will linger still, to be thus blest,
Away from Heav'n within thy breast.
And still while bending at thy shrine
I'll store my soul with thoughts divine;
For while to thee my worship's given,
Unconsciously I pray to Heav'n.

March 19, 1828.

ITALY'S ECHO IN 1830.

Hark!—'Tis past.
Whence came that shivering sound?
'Twas the blast
Of Tyrants; France is bound.
Still lower bend the knee
To deeper slavery
Devoted Italy.

Ha!—Again.
A crash like deafening thunder.
'Tis the chain
Of bondage rent asunder.
Exultant Italy
With clanging symphony
Sends back the maddening cry.

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Hark!—a shout
  Of hosts come o'er the sea.
'Tis the rout
  Of Tyrants:—France is free.
The shout of victory
Of death or liberty
Resounds through Italy.

SONNET

ON THE FIFTY-FIFTH SONNET OF SHAKSPEARE.

The soul leaps up to hear this mighty sound
  Of Shakspeare triumphing. With glistening eye
  Forward he sent his spirit to espy
Time's gratitude, and catch the free rebound
Of Fame from worlds unpeopled yet; and, crown'd
  With brightening light through all futurity,
  His image to behold uptowering high,
'Mongst the world's benefactors most renown'd.
Like to the ecstacy, by man unnam'd,
  The spheral music doth to Gods impart,
Was the deep joy that thou hast here proclaim'd,
  Thy song's eternal echo gave thy heart.
O! the world thanks thee, that thou'st let us see,
Thou knew'st, how great thou wast, how priz'd to be.

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Translations from the German.—From Goethe's Faust.—Prologue in Heaven.

HYMN OF THE ARCHANGELS.

RAPHAEL. The sun in wonted guise is sounding
In brother spheres the rival song,
And on his destin'd path is bounding
With thunder movement bright along.
His aspect angels vigour lendeth,
Though none his being fathom may.
The works, whose might all thought transcendeth,
Are grand as on creation's day.

GABRIEL. And swift and swift the earth is streaming
With gorgeous change, so dark so bright;
In hues of Paradise now beaming,
And now rapt deep in gloom of night.
The sea 'gainst rushing rivers striving,
On rocks upheaves its foam and wrath;
And rock and sea are onward driving
Eternally in Heaven's path.

MICHAEL. And storms in contest wild are pouring
From land to sea, from sea to land,
And form while raging fierce and roaring
Of deepest action one close band.
There lightning's vivid flash is glaring
Before the coming thunder hoarse:
But these, O! Lord, thy orders bearing,
Revere the universe's course.

ALL THREE. The aspect Angels vigour lendeth
Though none thy being fathom may;
Thy works, whose might all thought transcendeth,
Are grand as on creation's day.

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FROM THE GARDEN SCENE.

FAUST. Who dare him name?
And who proclaim,
I believe in him:
Who that may,
Feeling say,
I believe in him not.
The all-infolder,
The all-upholder,
Holds and upholds he not
Thee, me, himself?
Arches not heaven there above?
Lies not the earth firm here below?
And mount not up eternal stars
Friendly twinkling over us?
Behold I thee not,
And feel'st thou not existence
Pouring through thy heart,
And weaving in eternal mystery
Invisibly visible around thee?
Fill full thy soul with consciousness of being,
And when thou 'rt happy in the fullness,
Call it then what thou wilt;
Call it bliss! soul! love! God!
I have no name for it!
Feeling is all in all:
Nature is sound and smoke
Curling round Heaven's fire.

MARGARET. That is all right well and good;
The parson too says much the same,
Only in somewhat different words.

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FAUST. All places say it,
All hearts beneath the light of Heaven,
Each in its language,
Why not I in mine?

FROM SCHILLER.

THE GERMAN MUSE.

No Augustan age did beam,
No Medician bounty stream
Upon the German muse.
Unhonour'd was her budding name
Nor was the flower of her fame
Refresh'd by princely dews.

From the greatest German son,
From great Frederick's wreathed throne,
Went she lorn despised forth.
Exulting can the German say,
With quickening of his pulse's play,
Self-created was his worth.

Therefore soars with higher sweep,
Therefore streams with grandeur deep,
The German poet's lofty lay.
And with native feeling bursting,
And for truth's eternal thirsting,
He laughs at rules and custom's sway.

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The Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Collected and edited by HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, Esq. M. A. 2 vols. Pickering, London, 1836.

[From the New York Review.]

IN passing from Christabel to the essay on Hamlet in these volumes, one experiences a feeling of delightful wonder. Conceive yourself from the edge of a flowery landscape to be suddenly submerged into a subterraneous workshop, there by the fierce light of mineral combustion to behold the powers of nature elaborating the richest of metals. The imagined transition from the sparkling picture on the surface to the mysterious process beneath it, would scarcely be more rapid than to the capable mind is the real one from the creation of the poet to the synthesis of the critic. Mineral and vegetable wealth are, however, never, we believe, so concentrated upon a single spot as our illustration supposes, (the surface of Potosi is unsightly and barren;) and fifty years ago the fact of their disunion might have been cited by the critics as an analogy to illustrate the doctrine of the day, that poetical and philosophical genius

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cannot co-exist in the same mind. Shakspeare was believed to have written in a 'fine frenzy,' and to have been, in his sane state, as unconscious of the divinity of his own utterances, as he was incapable of analyzing those of others. That, on the other hand, the possession of poetical genius by no means involves that of philosophical judgment, our own times furnish striking examples; for Byron was, we think, an indifferent critic, and Scott by no means a deep one. Coleridge was both profound and subtle. These 'Remains' add new evidence to that contained in his prose works, published during his life, of his rare powers as a critic; besides exhibiting, like them, the vastness of his learning, the vivifying spirit with which his heart informed what his head gathered, the richness and vigour of his style, and the loftiness and purity of his nature. He stands in the foremost rank of that select few who, in the words of poor Keats,

> 'tower in the van,
> Of all the congregated world.'

But our task is a still easier one than to praise Coleridge, our purpose being at present merely to extract a few passages from these volumes, with a view to recommend them, and through them his writings generally. Some possibly, even of our own readers, may have never chanced to read a page of Coleridge; and as our sole object just now is, to produce a favourable impression upon those, who from their own experience know nought or little of him, or to remove an unfavourable one made by the report of others, respecting a man in whose wrongs the world is wronged; and as, moreover, in every praiseworthy undertaking it is desirable to

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secure the favour of that sex upon whom the progress of good so much depends; we will, before beginning our extracts, quote from one of his former works a passage, which, as being peculiarly characteristic of his genius and sensibility, is very suitable for our purpose. May we not safely challenge the cleverest of the admirers of Byron or Moore, not to mention their popular pupils, to furnish from their most vivid pages a passage on the favourite theme better calculated, we will not say to produce a lasting effect, but even to awaken pleasurable emotion than the following:—

'Love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world, and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, 'John Anderson, my Joe, John,' in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and utterance of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within,—to count, as it were, the pulses of the life of love. But, above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life, even in the lustihood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which in all our lovings is *the* love; I mean that willing sense of the unsufficingness of the self for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own; that quiet perpetual seeking which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momently finds, and finding, again seeks on; lastly, when 'life's changeful orb has passed the full,' a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience; it supposes, I say, a heartfelt reverence for worth, not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds, when

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they are conscious of possessing the same, or the correspondent excellence in their own characters. In short, there must be a mind, which, while it feels the beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and by right of love appropriates it, can call goodness its playfellow; and dares make sport of time and infirmity, while, in the person of a thousand-foldly endeared partner, we feel for aged virtue the caressing fondness that belongs to the innocence of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies which had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty.' *Table Talk*, p. 68–9.

The materials from which the volumes before us are composed were, says the editor, the nephew of Coleridge, 'fragmentary in the extreme;—Sibylline leaves, notes of the lecturer, memoranda of the investigator, out-pourings of the solitary and self-communing student.' Besides the 'Fall of Robespierre' and a number of short poems, the first volume consists chiefly of notes, taken by several of his hearers or left by himself, of a course of Lectures on Literature, delivered at the Royal Institution in 1818. These imperfect records of his eloquence abound in profound views and apposite illustrations. The first two Lectures, on the Gothic Mind in the Middle Ages, and Gothic Art and Literature, contain a masterly exposition of the fundamental differences between the Gothic and Greek mind. The subjects of the others are—The Troubadours, Boccacio, Petrarch, Pulci, Chaucer, Spenser—Ben Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger—Don Quixotte—Distinctions of the Witty, the Droll, and the Odd—Rabelais, Swift, Sterne—Donne, Dante, Milton, Paradise Lost—Asiatic and Greek Mythologies—Robinson Crusoe—Use of works of Imagination in Education—Dreams, Apparitions, Alchemists—On Poetry or Art—On Style.

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Were we to extract most of the passages remarkable for originality or beauty—such as one delights to pause over—we should commit an abuse of the reviewer's privilege, with which we are unwilling to make ourselves chargeable, however strong the temptation, and although sure, as in this case, of the reader's indulgence. Passing over, therefore, many bright and good things, we quote from the end of the first volume the essay on a 'Good Heart.' Coleridge is regarded, and therefore shunned, by many, as a 'mystic' and unintelligible transcendentalist. He certainly does delight to pass up into regions beyond the ken of the mere preceptive intellect; and although such a strength and practice of pinion are needed to follow him in these moods, that some ambitious spirits sink back from the attempt into hopeless envy; the unaspiring many will not grudge the soaring power to one who returns with 'sight so purged and unscaled at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance,' as to contemplate earthly things with the clearness of vision evinced in the following:

'There is in Abbot's Essays an attempt to determine the true sense of this phrase, at least to unfold (*auseinundersetzen*) what is meant and felt by it. I was much pleased with the remarks, I remember, and with the counterposition of Tom Jones and Sir Charles Grandison. Might not Luther and Calvin serve? But it is made less noticeable in these last by its co-existence with, and sometimes real, more often apparent, subordination to fixed conscious principles, and is thus less naturally characteristic. Parson Adams contrasted with Dr. Harrison in Fielding's Amelia would do. Then there is the suppression of the good heart and the substitution of principles or motives for the good heart, as in Laud, and the whole race of conscientious persecutors. Such principles constitute the virtues of the Inquisition. A good heart contrasts with the Pharisaic righteousness. This last contemplation of the

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Pharisees, the dogmatists, and the rigorists *in toto genere*, serves to reconcile me to the fewness of the men who act on fixed principles. For unless there exist intellectual power to determine aright what are the *principia jam fixa et formata*, and unless there be the wisdom of love preceding the love of wisdom, and unless to this be added a graciousness of nature, a loving kindness,—these rigorists are but bigots, often to errors, and active, yea, remorseless in preventing or staying the rise and progress of truth. And even when bigotted adherents to true principles, yet they render truth unamiable, and forbid little children to come thereunto. As human nature now is, it is well, perhaps, that the number should be few, seeing that of the few, the greater part are pre-maturities.

'The number of those who act from good hearted impulses, a kindly and cheerful mood, and the play of minute sympathies, continuous in their discontinuity, like the sand-thread of the hour-glass, and from their minuteness and transiency not calculated to stiffen or inflate the individual, and thus remaining unendangered by egotism, and its unhandsome vizard contempt, is far larger: and though these temperamental *pro*-virtues will too often fail, and are not built to stand the storms of strong temptation; yet on the whole they carry on the benignant scheme of social nature, like the other instincts that rule the animal creation. But of all, the most numerous are the men, who have evermore their own dearliest beloved self, as the only or main goal or butt of their endeavours straight and steady before their eyes, and whose whole inner world turns on the great axis of self-interest. These form the majority, if not of mankind, yet of those by whom the business of life is carried on; and most expedient it is, that so it should be; nor can we imagine any thing better contrived for the advantage of society. For these are the most industrious, orderly, and circumspect portion of society, and the actions governed by this principle, with the results, are the only materials on which either the statesman, or individuals can safely calculate.

'There is, indeed, another sort, (a class they can scarcely be called,) who are below self-interest; who live under the mastery of their senses and appetites; and whose selfishness is an animal instinct, a goad *a tergo*, not an attraction, *a re prospecta*, or (so to speak) from a projected self. In fact, such individuals cannot so

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properly be said to have a self, as to be machines for the self of nature: and are as little capable of loving themselves as of loving their neighbours. Such there are. Nay, (if we were to count only without weighing) the aggregate of such persons might possibly form a larger number than the class preceding. But they may safely be taken up into the latter, for the main ends of society, as being or sure to become its materials and tools. Their folly is the stuff in which the sound sense of the worldly-wise is at once manifested and remunerated; their idleness of thought, with the passions, appetites, likings and fancies, which are its natural growth, though weeds, give direction and employment to the industry of the other. The accidents of inheritance by birth, of accumulation of property in partial masses, are thus counteracted,—and the aneurisms in the circulating system prevented or rendered fewer and less obstinate,—whilst animal want, the sure general result of idleness and its accompanying vices, tames at length the selfish host, into the laborious slaves and mechanic implements of the self-interested. Thus, without public spirit, nay, by the predominance of the opposite quality, the latter are the public benefactors: and, giving steadfastness and compactness to the whole, lay in the ground of the canvass on which minds of finer texture may impress beauty and harmony.

'Lastly, there is in the heart of all men a working principle,—call it ambition, or vanity, or desire of distinction, the inseparable adjunct of our individuality and personal nature, and flowing from the same source as language—the instinct and necessity in each man of declaring his particular existence, and thus of singling or signalizing himself. In some this principle is far stronger than in others, while in others its comparative dimness may pass for its non-existence. But in thoughts at least, and secret fancies there is in all men (idiocy of course excepted) a wish to remain the same and yet to be something else, and something more, or to exhibit what they are, or imagine they might be, somewhere else and to other spectators. Now, though this desire of distinction, when it is disproportionate to the powers and qualities by which the individual is indeed distinguished, or when it is the governing passion, or taken as the rule of conduct, is but a 'knavish sprite,' yet as an attendant and subaltern spirit, it has its good purposes and beneficial effects: and is not seldom

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——— sent with broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Though selfish in its origin, it yet tends to elevate the individual from selfishness into self-love, under a softer and perhaps better form than that of self-interest, the form of self-respect. Whatever other objects the man may be pursuing, and with whatever other inclinations, he is still by this principle impelled and almost compelled to pass out of himself in imagination, and to survey himself at a sufficient distance, in order to judge what figure he is likely to make in the eyes of his fellow men. But in thus taking his station as at the apex of a triangle, while the self is at one angle of the base, he makes it possible at least that the image of his neighbour may appear at the other, whether by spontaneous association or placed there for the purposes of comparison; and so both be contemplated at equal distance. But this is the first step towards disinterestedness; and though it should never be reached, the advantage of the appearance is soon learnt, and the necessity of avoiding the appearance of the contrary. But appearances cannot be long sustained without some touch of the reality. At all events there results a control over our actions; some good may be produced, and many a poisonous or offensive fruit will be prevented. Courtesy, urbanity, gallantry, munificence; the outward influence of the law shall I call it, or rather fashion of honour—these are the handsome hypocrisies that spring from the desire of distinction. I ask not the genius of a Machiavel, a Tacitus, or a Swift;—it needs only a worldly experience and an observing mind, to convince a man of forty that there is no medium between the creed of misanthropy and that of the gospel.

'A pagan might be as orthodox as Paul on the doctrine of works. First,—set aside the large portion of them that have their source in the constitutional temperament,—the merit of which, if any, belongs to nature, not to the individual agent; and of the remaining number of good works, nine are derived from vices for one that has its origin in virtue. I have often, in looking at the water-works and complex machinery of our manufactories, indulged a humorous mood by fancying that the hammers, cogs, fly-wheels, &c. were each actuated by some appetite, or passion—hate, rage, revenge, vanity, cupidity, &c. while the general result was most benignant,

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and the machine, taken as a whole, the product of power, knowledge, and benevolence! Such a machine does the moral world, the world of human nature, appear—and to those who seem evermore to place the comparison and the alternative between hell and earth, and quite overlook the opposition between earth and heaven, I recommend this meditation.'—Vol. i. p. 380—386.

Of the second volume two hundred and fifty pages of four hundred are taken up with 'Shakspeare, with introductory matter on Poetry, the Drama, and the Stage.' And a priceless contribution they are to English Literature. Would not the surpassing interest and value of these 'Notes on Shakspeare' ensure the sale of an American reprint of this portion of Coleridge's 'Literary Remains?' We say this portion; for the Editor, in his Preface, promises an additional collection.

Ernest Maltravers. By the author of 'Pelham,' 'Rienzi,' &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

[From the New York Review.]

We think we have seen printed somewhere, that a characteristic of the conversation of Englishmen is a tendency to talk of the classes above them. If the comment has not yet been so published, 'tis high time it were: we therefore formally commit it to type as one to the correctness of which we challenge the assent of intelligent travellers. Equally true and more shrewd is a remark made by a democrat on the occasion of a fancy ball in one of our cities, the costumes of the Dukes, Barons, Knights, and Courtiers of the evening indicating, he affirmed, the secret wishes of the republican wearers. To say we have been reminded of both remarks on

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reading Ernest Maltravers, were to give to this work an undue distinction among its fellows. Most of the cultivators of that rank product, the modern English novel, seem to be under the influence at once of the aspiring feeling which is so apt to lift the talk of her Britanic Majesty's subjects above the level of the interlocutors, and of the longings which presided over the principal toilettes for the aforementioned ball. But Mr. Bulwer's fashionable novels (for several of his fictions, and this one particularly, come under the category) being the best of their class, in them a common element is the more conspicuous.

The hero, Ernest Maltravers, the inheritor of an ancient name and ample fortune, is first introduced to us just returned to England from Göttingen, aged eighteen, with a 'profusion of fair brown hair falling over a high and commanding forehead,' with features 'handsome without being eminently so, and an aspect at once bold and prepossessing.' The inside of his head is already equally well furnished, for he is in the habit of sitting down with Shakspeare and Schiller beside him to read until he gets inspiration to write, besides being a musician of 'profound science.' Of course he is the beloved of the women, and at this early age forms a *liaison*—love-adventure Number One—the source of the mysterious ingredient in the story, the growth and consummation of which is philosophically depicted. Several years later, at 'a brilliant ball at the Palazzo of the Austrian embassy at Naples,' the beauty of the room, the fascinating, high-bred, witty, unimpeachable Madame de St. Ventadour asks eagerly, 'Who is that gentleman, the young one I mean, leaning against the door,—the

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gentleman who wears no moustache?' She is a little surprised to find that a man with so 'striking a countenance,' 'something chivalrous in the turn of the head,' 'something *great* in his look,' is a simple gentleman. 'Will Madame St. Ventadour allow me to present to her one of my countrymen,' said the English minister,' approaching,—'Mr. Maltravers.' Madame de St. Ventadour 'half-smiled and half-blushed as she looked up, and saw bent admiringly upon her, the proud and earnest countenance she had remarked.' This is love adventure Number Two; and it also is described with edifying circumstantiality. The battle-field is not more essential to the hero of romance, than is the field of fashion to the hero of a modern English novel. High life in England, enjoyed only by a few, is desired by so many, and admired at a distance by such a multitude, that to meet the demand among those whose only opportunity of partaking of the company of Lords and Ladies is in print, a publisher will give, we dare say, thirty per cent. more for a fiction well sprinkled with titles than for one equal in all other attractions save this. Mr. Maltravers figures in every part of the jealousy-guarded enclosure. Besides being wooed both by women and politicians of note, he adds to his mass of claims to fashionable distinction the rare one of successful authorship. We are thus prepared to find him the object of the secret attachment of a young lady of resplendent beauty, brilliant talents, lofty character, the admired of all eyes and all ears, the only child of an Earl, and the possessor, in her own right of fifty thousand pounds a year. This is love-adventure Number Three; and many a plebeian tear has doubtless been shed from female eyes over the

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mournful fate of the high-born beauty. Here the work ends for the present, and Mr. Maltravers is once more despatched to the continent to recruit after his troubles.

One can read once whatever Mr. Bulwer writes; and in an author who has written so much and so variously, to be thus readable is no small merit. But this is, we think, the highest praise that can be awarded him. Nor can we believe that an educated adult ever feels inclined to read a second time one of his volumes. He has fertility of invention, but little creative power. Hence, although we have followed his present hero attentively through four hundred of Harper's closely-printed pages, and have been with him for eight or ten years in all sorts of company, we nevertheless have no distinct image of the individual man. Call to mind the characters in Tristram Shandy, Wilhelm Meister, the Vicar of Wakefield. How vividly and freshly, and how modestly, will they present themselves. How real!—and yet better than realities; for, unlike our flesh and blood friends, they never change their mood. About them is ever the sunny atmosphere into which they were ushered from the genial brains of their poetic parents. Who that has once known would lose them? Throughout our lives we hold delightful converse with them. We seek constantly to know them better. How inexhaustible, too, are their resources. Now, the characters, if they can be so called, in a fiction like Ernest Maltravers, are all shallow. Most energetic and various are they in deed, and copious in speech; but they act and speak at the command of that most potent and arbitrary of powers, the will of their literary father: they are not endowed with independent life. The character,

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therefore, into which in the course of a volume we get the most insight, is that of its author. Incidents and adventures abound: there is no lack of those 'powerful scenes' which remind one of the headings in newspapers, 'heart-rending accident,' 'diabolical attempt:' we pass from the shades of old English parks into the glare of a London *rout*, from the gorgeous mansion to the cottage, from privacy to the market-place, from Switzerland to the House of Commons, from the company of peers to the resorts of highwaymen; and when the book is closed, the impressions left on the minds of the judicious are as distinct and satisfactory as when at the theatre the curtain *drops* upon a bustling melo-drama.

SENTENCES.

The sudden flood of power upon the people after the overthrow of the French monarchy, drowned, for a time, in men all sense of their finite nature. The sweeping away of the old walls of authority loosened the foundations of their minds: they became mad.

No impertinence is more offensive than that of a small-souled man, who, taking himself for the type of humanity, majestically descants on the range of the human mind, or confidently interprets the motives of his fellows. Can a stagnant puddle glass on its foul surface the glory and immensity of the star-thronged Heavens?

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Will men ever all unite in one religious belief?—The effect of culture will be, to make each man tolerant of the belief of his brother; producing a moral harmony, not a mental uniformity.

In Lear, Shakspeare does more than create in the poetic sense. He exhibits the 'to and fro conflicting' elements of humanity in Titanic convulsion, as if in primitive unspent vigour.

In a poetic creation, a work of genuine art, the *idea* or conception is of primary moment. This, distinctly formed and intensely entertained, distends by internal motion into appropriate corporeal being, imparting naturally its own spirit to its bodily parts, and thereby rendering them flexible and graceful and in all respects life-like.

Most works of fiction are constructed in the opposite mode, having bodies duly measured and furnished, into which it is attempted to infuse a spirit. All such are necessarily short-lived.

The weaknesses and wickednesses of humanity; his own passions, errors and sufferings; did not blind Goethe to man's absolute nature, to the existence and ultimate supremacy of virtue. He was ripened, not soured by adversity; and like the grape of his own Rhine, which owes its flavour to the dampness and darkness of night, as well as to the sunshine of day, the excellence of his productions is the joint result of what he suffered and what he enjoyed.

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From a basis of strong moral feeling, the superstructure of daily conduct ascends lightly and compactly. For a person well endowed with reverence, the love of truth, and compassionate sensibility, it is easy to be wise.

In literature, sensibility is the material wherewith the intellect works. It is the mine whence are drawn the gems of beauty, the treasures of wisdom. The intensest flashes of mental light issue from the most heated atmosphere: their existence is independent of mere intellect: the reason can and should guide, but cannot produce them. The fine arts, poetry, ethics, whatever relates to the philosophy of life, all subjects, in short,—except the exact sciences, and those partial views of political science which relate to separate and executive departments, (for politics, as the science which unfolds the principles whereon social institutions should be founded, refers directly to the feelings of our nature)—all subjects involve and directly appeal to the feelings. They supply the material, which will be of more or less fineness according to their texture.

What a gentleman Shakspeare was.

A great poet has said,—'It is the business of the poet to communicate to others the pleasure and the enthusiasm arising out of those images and feelings, in the vivid presence of which in his own mind, consists at once his inspiration and his reward.'—These few lines describe distinctly that peculiar feeling which constitutes

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the impelling power in poetry; which is indeed the source of the poetical. Poetry emanates from, exists in the mind; and its manifestations are appeals to a particular quality, power, faculty, or whatever it may be called, innate in all humanity. According to the strength of this internal feeling, its cultivation, and the general culture of the mind, is this appeal responded to.

We frequently meet with the phrase,—'the world is full of poetry.' This is incorrect, or rather, incomplete; for it is only true, that the world is full of poetry to those who are gifted with poetic sensibility. Such, extract poetry out of every thing; or, more properly, every thing extracts poetry out of them. The poet bears within him a magic lamp, which casts upon the universe,—the outward world, and the world within his own mind,—its beautifying light; but the hues which it evokes are only visible to himself, and to those similarly gifted.

The Greek tragedies, with all their merits;—their idealized reality; their buoyant motion, as of strength led by beauty; their music, distinctly audible even in translations; their grandeur and imposing earnestness, have nevertheless, as dramas, two wants; firstly, individual characterization; and, secondly, its opposite, that generic quality in what issues from their personages, which gives to thoughts and sentiments a universality of application. Shakspeare alone, of all dramatists, exhibits the full co-existence of these contraries. And herein consists one of his transcending excellencies; the others being, the weight, volume, copiousness and subtlety of his thoughts, and the harmonious marrying of etherial poetry to earth-stained reality.

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Fear not, in a work of art, danger to moral truth, by heaping up motives to crime. Let virtue have but fair play, and she will, with a single beam, dissolve a mountain of vindication, before a sound court of conscience. The vindication *must* be sophistical.

Of the throng of books now daily published, few have within them the vital conservative essence; most being soul-less matter, produced to supply the consumption of the modern multitude of readers: and they *are* consumed. Those only which, like the air we breathe without exhausting, feed the mind without being themselves dissipated, constitute a nation's literature,—which is, the embodying of the thoughts and feelings of its most gifted men in their best moods, in forms that shall render them as attractive as they are valuable.

Style is not only important as being the garb of spirit; but like the garments often of men, it announces the character of that which it clothes. Good thoughts need to be well expressed, in order to be adequately imparted. On the other hand, a coarse substance is not susceptible of a bright polish.

The soliloquy, 'to be or not to be,' ought to be pronounced on the stage with as little action as may be. In that deep questioning of fate, the mind is too absorbed for aught but the calmest bodily motion. The stream of dramatic action there pauses in an unfathomable abyss. Any ruffling of the surface prevents us from looking down into its depths, and breaks the image of the Heavens above it.

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We do not question as errors any of the doings of nature. The works of genius are similarly unquestionable.

Sir Thomas Brown says:—'Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature. Art is the perfection of nature, and nature is the art of God.'

A poem, like a picture, should have relief and prospective.

The 'person of the drama' should make his part as he advances, and make the events, driving them as it were before him.

Theatrical representation is a fine art. Like sculpture and painting, it should present life idealized. It should be,—and such it was among the Greeks,—the handmaid of poetry. How beautiful, to behold embodied,—realized with all the impressiveness of form, sound and motion,—a poetic creation. Such a spectacle were a high intellectual pleasure. But mostly, instead of enjoying the thrill of poetic tragedy, one suffers the excruciation of tragic prose. Dramatists and actors conspire to give us fury for force, coarseness for passion, indecency for wit. One can conceive of theatrical representations, that would neither fatigue the intellectual, nor offend the correct, nor abash the modest, but afford elevated recreation to an enlightened community.

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The writer of an 'historical novel,' if a poet of clear insight, may create out of meagre materials a picture which, being vivid, rich, and true to nature, shall seem to be true to fact. This *seeming*, thus produced, is the most that can be attained by the author who throws his story far back into the past.

A prosaic tame monster like Kotzebue's 'Stranger,' tortures the auditor by scraping his heart-strings with a rude hand. The effect this piece has upon the mind, is to that which dramatic pathos should have, as pressure upon a bared nerve is to the sensation of an electrical shock.

True, that enthusiasm for letters will not make a writer: the power may be wanting, though the devotion be earnest. On the other hand, fame is never earned but by him with whom the labour itself is the reward, and love for it his primary impulse. The light poured on the blank page before him, to be a living light in the temple of a nation's literature, must be self-nourished: if fed from without, the smoke of coarse materials mingles with and enfeebles or smothers the flame.

The Grecian Mythology was the creature of the Grecian mind,—the result of the mental wants and tendencies of that gifted people; and as such, it reveals far more distinctly than any other source the Greek character.

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A creative Artist is necessarily a man of practical powers. The insight required, to build, through the imagination, a life-like and consistent whole; the grasp to lay and keep hold of the imagined material; and the variety and degree of faculty needed to work it up into a veritable creation, are powers which, if directed upon living men, give the possessor mastery among his fellows. The exertion of these powers in the creation of beings that live in poetry, is a fuller effort than that whereby a political leader sways in a Legislative Hall. The author of a Wilhelm Meister might be a great statesman, were he not drawn up, by the innate laws of humanity, into a higher sphere of usefulness.

So prosaic are the tragedies of John Webster and the other 'old dramatists,' that they seem rather dramatic descriptions of criminal acts, than imagined pictures of the passion-swayed and the guilty. Shakspeare, with a poetic pencil, paints *men* whose weaknesses and deficiences issue in crime.

That is a fine phrase of Napoleon, speaking of Madame de Stael: 'Qu 'est ce que c'est que ce vagabondage d' imagination?'

Compared with Shakspeare, the Greek dramatists, and Milton in Sampson Agonistes, are superficial. Their works are statuesque, and have the hardness as well as ideal grace of sculpture. Shakspeare's have not this artistical quality, only because they have deeper ones, which, lying under it, disturb it by inward motion.

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The Titans are the rough draft of the Grecian Mythology,—the first-born of the Greek brain in its primal earthquaking throes. Out of these vast, formless, and nameless creations,—these few gigantic embryos,—were unconsciously developed Jupiter and the Olympian deities, beautified into definite proportions, subtilized into logical interdependence, and multiplied with acute precision, as by spontaneous culture the fertile Greek mind unfolded itself.

The opulence of Shakspeare overflows in the talk of his servants.

The revival of letters is attributed to the recovery of the masterpieces of Greece and Rome. Was not rather the devotion to, and even the discovery of those works, the result of an inward development, seeking everywhere aids and materials? Was it not the awakening spirit of culture, craving sympathy and succour, which summoned them from their resting places?

In the process of creating one of his masterpieces, Shakspeare rejected half a dozen such dramas as the best of his contemporaries laboriously produced.

What a billowy motion in Shakspeare; caused by what only can cause it, the depth unfathomable beneath.

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A prophet is he who,—gifted with faculties so far above the standard of his age as to be beyond the reach of contemporaneous estimation,—utters under their impulse truths, which, falling almost fruitless from his mouth, bide for their fulfilment a time of higher development. He is the sage who anticipates the progress of his kind.

A common-place, lifted up on the wings of rhythm, reminds one of a tame goose in flight.

On the surface of society there is ever a scum, the fouler for the richness of the materials in ferment beneath, and the deeper for the activity of the fermentation. Beyond this the book-making traveller scarcely penetrates. In the floating impurity, he finds his congenial element, and rapidly taking impressions from this tangible grossness, he fabricates his short-lived volumes, the chief fact of which is, that here *his* pen finds its proper subject.

Some thinking and not illiberal men still want faith in truth; wherefore, without due examination, they reject the discoveries of Gall, dreading lest contact with the absolute world-circle of causes and effects shatter the imaginary chain wherewith they have striven to embrace the Universe. They have the ambition to enter the lists of knowledge, but lack courage to abide the battle.

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The growing unfrequency of wars is one of the causes that will facilitate the establishment of Republics in Europe.

The conception of Paradise Lost is Christian and Romantic, the execution classic. Milton, under the antique influence, attempted to embody the Deity, and the mysteries and myths of the Bible. With the Greeks,—their intellect being so predominantly plastic, and their religious development superficial,—the conception and incarnation of supernatural ideas was one growth, almost one act; hence the result is compact and graceful, the effect full and without flaw. The Christian religion, spiritual and deep, defies corporeal presentment. The imagination of Milton, mighty though it be, is utterly baffled in the effort to realize in a poetic creation, by means of the machinery of the classical scholar, the belief of the devout man. Paradise Lost presents the picture of an irreconcilable conflict between body and spirit. A gigantic monument of mental powers, bestudded with richest poetic details, the whole is as a work of art, a glittering monster.

Other things being equal,—such as felicity of execution, adaptation of form to substance, &c.—that poem is the greatest, whose successful soundings into the ocean of human feeling are the deepest. Hence Hamlet is greater than Lear or Othello.

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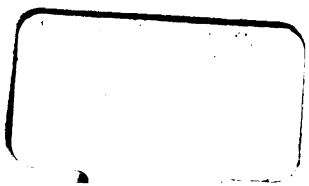

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